

The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 4

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, October 13 1910.

Number 7

Once Lord Mayor of London, Now Works For Children



Sir William Treloar, lord mayor of London in 1906-7 and for many years a member of the corporation of London and sheriff of London, is paying a visit to the United States to observe the methods in vogue for the care of crippled children and other philanthropic objects for which he is well known. The former lord mayor is not only one of the richest but quite the tallest member of the aldermanic body. He stands six feet two in his socks. He is a very keen naturalist and has a splendid aviary in his Norwood home. His favorite is a cockatoo named Cocky, and he rehearses his speeches to it. Sir William, who is a bit of a humorist, declares that the intelligent bird always laughs in the right places. An amusing simile was that which he gave at a recent meeting of the cage bird show when he said that the lord mayor, like the lizard canary, sheds his fine feathers at the end of a year. Sir William Treloar believes in fresh air, and the fine house in which he lives at Norwood, formerly the property of Sims Reeves, the celebrated singer, stands as high as the dome of St. Paul's cathedral. The late Dr. Spurgeon, who lived close by, used to declare that it was possible to taste the salt on the outside of his window panes when the wind was blowing from the channel. Sir William says that he has never sampled the flavor of the window panes himself, being content to take his neighbor's word for it. In spite of his business ties in the city the lord mayor found time to travel considerably in Turkey, Palestine and Asia Minor. Every Christmas Sir William, in conjunction with the Ragged School union, sends out many hundreds of hampers containing food and toys for the maimed mites in whom he is interested, and it is worth noting that not one of these hampers is ever lost. The register of cripples is kept right up to date, and every hamper that leaves the guildhall has necessitated personal visitation and verification. Sir William has had many curious contributions to his fund. One year a man sent a fifty pound note in an ordinary envelope, unfastened. His identity was never discovered, and he does not seem to have had any fear that his strangely made gift would go astray. Another sympathizer sends at regular intervals a couple of stamps, being unable to afford more at one time.

Kills a Murderer

A merciless murderer is appendicitis with many victims. But Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing constipation, headache, biliousness, chills. 25c at all druggists.

What a Famous Editor Says

The editor of the Taylor Trotwood Magazine wrote to one of his friends these words, "You asked me to notify you if I saw an opportunity for a safe investment, I have it for you. I never knew until now what a good opportunity for a money making investment this magazine afforded. You asked me to let you in on the ground floor and I am doing so." This same opportunity is given all who desire to be a stockholder and a Life Subscriber to the Taylor-Trotwood Magazine. One share of stock (par value \$10) and a perpetual subscription to the magazine both for \$10. Let us have your order now. This opportunity is limited. Write, Taylor Trotwood Pub. Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has become famous for its cures of coughs, colds, croup and influenza. Try it when in need. It contains no harmful substance and always gives prompt relief. Sold by all Dealers.

Its the World's Best

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, eczema, salt rheum, for sore eyes, cold sores, chapped hands, or sprains, its supreme. Infalible for piles. Only 25c at all druggists.

Baker

Foddering over. Millard Collier has gone to Louisville to enter a dental college. Mrs. Martha Wright was badly injured by being thrown from a horse. Mr. Dunlap, of Pikeville, was here surveying for the Northern. The R. R. surveyors are camping at mouth of Potters Fork. Ben Franklin is at Baker. Mrs. Sillar Collier and daughters are visiting at Ermine. School progressing nicely. J.J. Johnson has returned to Pikeville. Dr. John Adkins passed this way. Azil C.

Eagle and Evening Post

Post and Eagle 1 year.....\$3.75
" " 6 mo.....\$2.25
Post 6 mo. and Eagle 1 yr. \$2.75
Address all orders to Eagle, Whitesburg, Ky., and we will do the rest.

This, That and the Other

THIS

The clouds are dark and threatening today. An uneasy feeling broods every where. Summer with its sunshine, its fruits, flowers, its pealing thunders and its vivid lightnings, all these seem to be lingering on the finger-tips of winter. Many a poor cow that has carried the destitute family across the pinching gulf of starvation will soon abandon her customary search for food on the hill-side and wishfully stand at the gate and look and look and ruminate. Hundreds of little deserving, bare foot, rusty and sore at heel and toe will itch for coverings to ward off the icy breath of the frost king, and the poor mother, feeling as none other can, looks upon the picture and sorrowfully and silently ruminates too. The rich and often heartless amid it all will wrap his costly trappings around himself and imagines that all the world is warm and snug. Thus and thus it goes. God who looks over all and sees all, weighs all, alone knows the heart-aches, the sighs, the groans and the tears that are knitted up, bound up in the bosoms of the poor. In all the boundless realm of His creation it is doubtful whether he had a nobler purpose than when he created the poor and especially the widows and orphans. They are the direct objects of charity and the man who does not open his heart to them has but little if any of the spirit of Him who had not place to lay his head.

THAT

Mostly Foolishness.

This strikes me as very funny. Among the great number of millionaires that have been rendezvousing in the Boone and Elkhorn sections of this county is a big negro worth at least sixty million dollars. Well, you say there is nothing funny about that. No, but the negro has a common ordinary looking white man for a driver.

The Church Bell, how its melodies ring, as its tones vibrate

and linger, the fashionable belle with a beau on her string, has a beautiful ring on her finger. A political ring is a very bad thing, it scoops in the fool and the scholar, but so pleasing a ring has no other thing as the ring of the old silver dollar.

We were a little surprised the other day to find \$50 lying on the outside near the door of one of our merchants and the more so to learn that it had been lying there several weeks unmolested till we happened along that way. We walked into the store and found the merchant with his head in his hands asleep at his desk. Now, why all this wonder? On inquiry we found that this business(?) man had never put a single line of advertising in his local newspaper, and no one had come to pick up the \$50 or disturb him in his quietude.

A fellow was telling us the other day of a new method of teaching which a young lady teacher had just introduced into her school in his district. When one of the girl students misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. The same fellow also said that this method of teaching was making the girls very poor spellers while the boys were improving right along. Several good things are passing nowadays that were never heard of when we were boys.

THE OTHER

Jim Wilson, eight years old, had just returned from the district school. His mother, fagged almost beyond endurance, was out hoeing in the little cabbage patch back of the small hut she called her home. Mrs. Wilson was a widow, the mother of several orphan children, very poor and was having the customary hard time in bringing them up. Jim, full of frolic and fun and mischief, was a bright little boy, ruddy cheeked and anxious to help lighten in every way he possibly could the burdens that encircled his mother's brow. He peeped over the garden fence and said kindly, "mother, you must be tired, come in and rest and

New Pennsylvania Station Largest Structure Ever Built at One Time

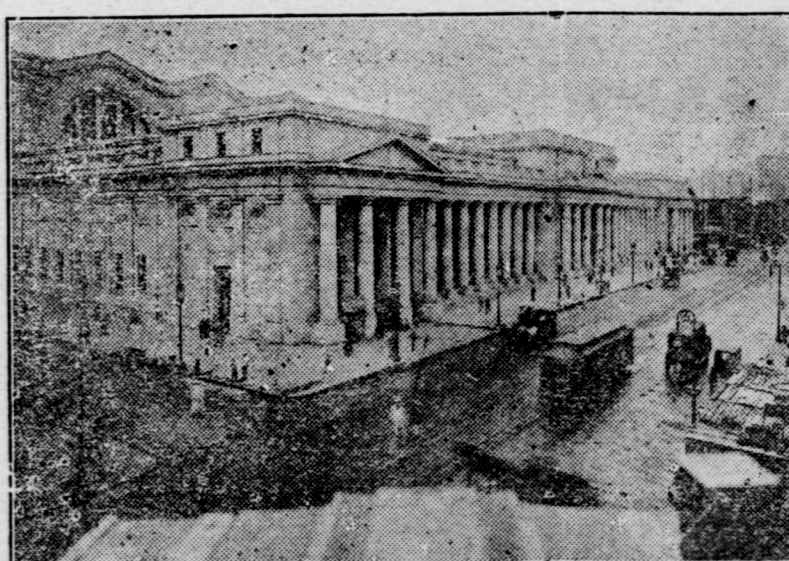
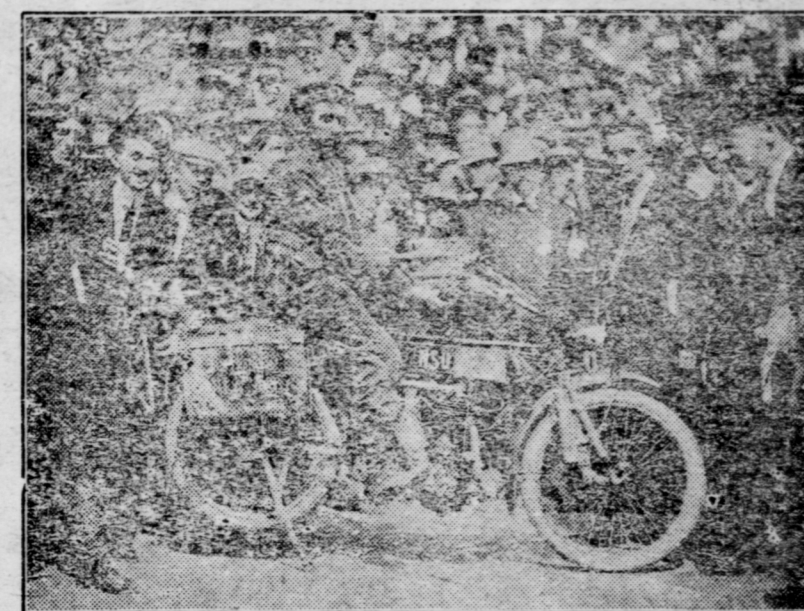


Photo by American Press Association.

The new Pennsylvania railroad station just opened in New York is said to be the largest building in the world ever constructed at one time. Larger buildings are in existence, but they were not finished as was this. Trains between Manhattan and Long Island are now running into the station.

Travels 3,836 Miles on Motorcycle In Record Time



Copyright 1910 by American Press Association.

Having traveled 3,836 miles on a motorcycle from San Francisco to New York city to visit relatives, William Streiff arrived at his destination with just \$1.40 in cash and lots of valuable experience, not the least of which was the breaking of the world's record in crossing the continent. He was just twenty-eight days and three hours on the trip, and the best previous record was made by C. A. Miller, who took thirty-one days, twelve hours and fifteen minutes to go from coast to coast. During his long journey Streiff never wore a coat and says that he did not suffer greatly from cold weather. He was armed when he started from San Francisco, but before he had traveled a hundred miles he lost his revolver and continued his trip without weapons, which he says are not needed by transcontinental tourists. He was subject to much inconvenience, however, by the efforts of small tradesmen to "hold him up" for gasoline. Some of them demanded as much as 50 cents a gallon for the necessary fluid. He is a member of the Federation of American Motorcyclists and has made long journeys before, but it was not until he arrived in New York state that he was halted by a farmer, who wanted to inquire whether he "lit up" his goggles at night. Streiff declares that the air in the front tire of his motorcycle is the same that was injected when the machine was shipped to California and that he did not touch the tube until he arrived with it in Gotham. The rear tire suffered several punctures en route.

Governor of KentuckyCOMMENDS..... "Back Home" Movement

Johnson City, Tenn., Oct. 3.—The industrial department of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Ry. today received a letter from Gov. Willson, of Kentucky, strongly commending the railroad's plan of bringing "back home" some of the thousands of young men who have gone from the mountain sections of the Virginias, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina to make their home in the west. The letter reads in part as follows: "It would be a great benefit to Kentucky if we could bring 'back home' even a small percentage of the vast army who have gone out from our Commonwealth to seek their fortunes in the southwest west, northwest, north and even in the east. There are more Kentuckians and Kentuckians' children in the northwest alone than in all Kentucky now, and they are leaders and state-builders wherever they go. I sincerely hope that this 'back home' plan will touch the chords of memory in those who have gone out from us and will begin a great homecoming movement."

Every effort is being made by the Clinchfield industrial department to obtain the addresses of young men who have gone from the states mentioned in order that it may set before them advantages now offered in their native country. Everyones is asked to send in these lists.

Forced to Leave Home

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble" writes W.R. Nelson

of Calamine, Ark. "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. Its surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. Its positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, la grippe, asthma, croup—all throat and lung troubles. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

Thanks

Dear Editor,
Please send the Eagle 6 mos. to Shade Blair, 124 Gordon Ave., Hamilton, O., and charge to J.D. Blair.

Dear Editor,
All the rest of the boys about here take the Eagle and I think I am entitled to as much of the good reading as they are. So, send me the bird 3 months to Flatgap, Va. Jesse Bolling.

Dear Editor,
Enclosed find a dollar and let the bird keep a coming. You are doing a great deal for this country. I am very proud of the bird. G.M. Hogz, Isom, Ky.

Dear Editor,
Please find enclosed \$1, send the Eagle a year to Lewis Caudill. Indian Bottom is moving along nicely while the R. R. is coming and sorghum mills are humming. May the bird fly to all homes. H.B. Dranson.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

EAGLE \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

EAGLE \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

If you are in need
of a

DRESS, HAT, SHOES,
GLOVES, HOSIERY, or

any wearing apparel, or furni-
ture, piano; in fact anything
you would want, send to

Miss Nellie Russell

PURCHASING AGENT
AND DRESSMAKER

834 South Second Street

Louisville, : : : Kentucky

We recommend Miss Russell to our readers as Strictly Reliable



The weather is cool and crisp
and pleasant.

Speculation is rife and a spirit
of want-to-do-something per-
vades around about.

Money seems to be so plenti-
ful that the nickles and dimes
have all surrendered to dollar
bills and larger denominations.

In the country squeezing cane
and making sorghum is the or-
der of the day. Farmers have
mostly done up their 'roughness'
and corn gathering time is about
at hand.

DELIGHTS EVERY
HOUSEWIFE.

Any woman who makes a fair
test of A-1 Purity flour is a con-
vert. It does not make any dif-
ference what she tries first—
bread, biscuit, muffins, angel
food or gems, the results will be
so satisfactory that there will be
no use in arguing with her. She
has been looking for a flour that
is good for all sorts of baking,
for years, and A-1 Purity fills the
bill. This flour is for sale by
Lewis Bros. at 95c a bag or \$7.75
per bbl.

No less than twenty railroad
contractors have been riding up
and down the proposed line dur-
ing the past week. The road is
to be let in six sections of 16
miles each, work to begin all
along the route in ten days from
the signing of the contracts on
yesterday. When the news of
the letting of the contracts to
build the road is confirmed the
biggest furor of activity ever
known will strike the mountains.
Mark our prediction.

R. B. Bentley silently stole
away and actually bought the
James P. Marrs property on
Main street. This is the equal
of any residence property in
town. The consideration was
\$1,600, about half what the prop-
erty is worth.

Dr. Kramer is photoing and
running Dow Collins' sawmill on
Sandlick.

J.C. Cantrell and Luther Baker
have changed residences, Mr.
Cantrell locating at the Billie

Dug place and Luther goes to the
property near his father's, on
Main street. A number of other
changes will take place soon.

Mrs. R.B. Bentley, after a sev-
eral weeks' visit to her daughter,
Mrs. Ida J. Harr, at Tomsburg,
W. Va., returned home.

H. T. Day will be located at
Gordon, on head of Linefork, for
a few weeks.

Mrs. Rebecca A. Kilbourn is
still in poor health and very low.

All the typhoid patients up at
Colly and Thornton are pulling
along very well and it is thought
all will recover.

The "Dorcas Club" is a new
organization formed by the ladies
of the M. E. Church South here.

The Eagle has just completed
a big lot of fine stationery for
Capt. C.A. McCoy, of the Swift
Coal & Timber Co.

Monroe Frazier, John Craft,
Jr., Willard Tyree and Miss
Carrie Combs returned from the
Hazard fair.

Kelly Fields came up from
Hazard Saturday and spent Sun-
day with Dona and the children.
He returned to his abstracting
work Monday.

J.E. Back, postmaster at Grouse
was visiting the family of
W.C. Dixon. He helped to swell
the Eagle's list.

Several of the boys will leave
soon to attend U.S. Court at Cov-
ington as well as to attend the
Grand Lodge of Masons at Louis-
ville.

L.W. Fields has two bright lit-
tle native coons—real coons—
the kind that have rings 'round
their tails.

Lee Webb, merchant of Crafts-
ville, was in Monday.

The Methodist minister, Mr.
Watts, is handy in the printing
office as well as elsewhere. He
frequently comes in for a few
turns.

Did you read the first chapters
of "Lanier of the Cavalry" last
week? See the second run on
page 4.

Miss Laura B. Tate, of Big

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"
constantly coughing depends on
whether or not you use Dr. Bell's
Pine-Tar-Honey. A few doses
will stop that cough.

MISS CORA H. GEE

MILLINERY

Room 306 Norton Building
Fourth and Jefferson Sts.

Louisville, - - Kentucky.

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY

Recommended by the Eagle as Strictly First-class and Reliable

Stone Gap, an expert stenograph-
er, arrived Saturday. She is em-
ployed by the Swift Coal & Tim-
ber Co. and will be here all
winter.

Tyree Salyer attended the fair
at Hazard.

John A. and Master Edgar
Craft went to Stonegap yesterday.

Bids for contracts on the L. &
E.Ry. closed at 12 o'clock yester-
day at Louisville. The success-
ful bidders will be announced
today.

You must get the Evening
Post 3 mos. and the rest of the
combination—4 for 1—for \$1.25
by Nov. 1 or not at all.

Mrs. Jane Craft returned yester-
day from a visit to her son,
Clarence C. Craft and family at
Oceonida, Va.

The last marble game of the
season was pulled off yesterday
on our streets between Judges
Baker, Fitzpatrick and Lewis
and County Attorney R. Monroe
Fields. Some of these could al-
most roll up to town.

John J. Lewis, of Maggard,
was here looking over the real
estate situation.

Dan Fields is having his office
building overhauled. Much con-
venience and improvement will
be the result. Bob Duncan and
Geo. Kelly are superintending the
work.

A dozen good carpenters and
other workmen could find plenty
to do in Whitesburg.

A correspondent at Flatgap
tells of a visit to Wise to attend
the big Stuart barbecue. Over
8,000 were present, two brass
bands, etc., all whooping it up
for Stuart. They are certainly
firing the woods over in the
Ninth Virginia.

Jno. Thompson, of Norton, is
here and enrolled with us.

Hugh Combs' little baby is
very puny.

ERMINE.

Mrs. Lizzie Polly is sick.

Dora Collier and John Sturgill
visited S.H. Blair.

Many attended the funeral
meeting here Sunday.

Uncle Ed Combs' new house is
about finished.

N.R. Day has gone to Linefork
to work.

Col. Polly is sorghuming.
Sim Banks of Dougala, was
here.

Hoarseness in a child subject
to croup is a sure indication of
the approach of the disease. If
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is
given at once or even after the
croupy cough has appeared, it
will prevent the attack. Con-
tains no poison. Sold by all deal-
ers.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey
For Coughs and Colds.

Eolia

D.F. Maggard was in Bristol.
These are ill: Mesdames H. C.,
Elisha and Juda Boggs, Henry
Sturgill and others.

H.C. Boggs went to Knoxville.
He reports Edw. Boggs critically
ill in the hospital there but says
he has a chance for recovery.

J.S. Tyler, C.M. Blair and D.F.
Maggard have returned from the
South. The first two gentlemen
will locate at Summerville, Mari-
on county, Fla.

The teachers' association will
be held here Oct. 15 in connection
with the educational campaign.

Mr. Combs, a traveling man,
was here.

James Mullins is in Knoxville.
Last Wednesday the great
dark horse who roams unfettered
through our country visiting the
rich as well as the poor, came
into the home of Joel Boggs and
carried our friend and compan-
ion, George M. Sturgill, to the
great beyond. We loved him
because he was a good mild tem-
pered boy and because he was a
gentleman. He leaves many
sorrowing relatives and friends.

Not in wrath,
Not in wrath,
The reaper came that day.
"T was an angel visited the green
earth
And took our friend away."
—Walter B.

AFTER SHAVING
use Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve.
It will prevent the face getting
sore. It destroys germs and
prevents contracting any disease.
25c Sold everywhere.

SUTHERLAND'S EAGLE EYE SALVE
Good for Nothing but the Eyes

Pale-Faced Women

You ladies, who have pale faces, sallow complexions,
dark circles under eyes, drawn features and tired, worn-
out expressions, you need a tonic.
The tonic you need is Cardui, the woman's tonic.
It is the best tonic for women, because its ingredients
are specifically adapted for women's needs. They act on
the womanly organs and help to give needed strength and
vitality to the worn-out womanly frame.
Cardui is a vegetable medicine. It contains no min-
erals, no iron, no potassium, no lime, no glycerin, no dan-
gerous, or habit-forming drugs of any kind.
It is perfectly harmless and safe, for young and old to use.

Take CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

"After my doctor had done all he said he could for me,"
writes Mrs. Wm. Hilliard, of Mountainburg, Ark., "I took Car-
dium, on the advice of a friend, and it helped me so much.
"Before taking Cardui, I had suffered from female
troubles for five years, but since taking it, I am in good health.
"I think there is some of the best advice in your book
that I ever saw." Your druggist sells Cardui. Try it.

Write for: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.,
for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

Church Directory.

Methodist Episcopal Church
South.

Whitesburg, 2nd and 4th Sun-
days, preaching 10:30 a.m. and
7:30 p.m. Sunday-school each
Sunday 9:30 a.m.

Colson, 1st and 3rd Sundays,
preaching 10:30 a.m. Sunday-
school every Sunday 9:30 a.m.

E. C. Watts, Pastor.

Location of Church—Main
street, near bridge. All cordially
invited.

First Baptist Church—
Whitesburg—Prayer meeting
Wed. 8 p.m., Sunday-school
each Sun. 9:30 a.m., preaching
each Sun. 11 a.m., Ladies' Aid
meets each Sat. 3 p.m., Dea-
con's meeting Tues. before 1st
Wed., Regular business meet-
ing 1st Wed. each month.

Also preaching each Sunday at 8
p.m.

Colly—Preaching at Crafts Colly
1st and 3rd Sun. 2:30 p.m.

Come one and all and let's
worship the Lord together.

(We will be glad to publish all
church notices for all denomina-
tions in the county.—Ed.)

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J.C. Watson*

Funeral Meeting

The funeral of Franklin Pace,
one of the boys who died with
typhoid near mouth of Bottom
Fork a year ago, will be preached
near Big Nelt Webb's on next
Saturday and Sunday by Elds. J.
H. Riggs, Ben and Simpson Ad-
ams. It is also expected that
the Mosely preachers will be
present.

WHY PEOPLE COUGH

is a mystery when Dr. Bell's
Pine-Tar-Honey will cure any
cough. Look the bell on the bot-
tle. It marks the genuine.



CORTRIGHT

METAL SHINGLES

Laid 20 years ago are as good as new to-day and have never needed
repairs. Think of it!
What other roofing will last as long and look as well?
They're fireproof, stormproof, and very easily laid.
They can be laid right over wood shingles, if necessary, without cre-
ating dirt or inconvenience.
For prices and other detailed information

Apply to **CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING CO.,**
Philadelphia, Pa.

WHY NOT

CHEW and SMOKE Independent Tobacco?

Why Kentucky People Should Chew Kentucky Tobacco.
—STRATER BROS. TOBACCO CO.—

Manufacture tobacco at Louisville, Ky. They buy Kentucky grown to-
bacco, the tax is paid in Kentucky. They make clean goods at an hon-
est price. Let this bear on your mind, all the money stays in Ken-
tucky. Chewers are satisfied. Merchants are responsible for the trust
tobacco being sold here. Ask your merchant to keep Strater Bros'
tobacco. Specify

**Index, Handspike, Roll Call, Cup and Strater Bros. [Natural
Leaf Twist, the only twist,**

and when you smoke try HINDOO, better than any other cut plug.
North Star, Penny Post, Rosebud and Harpoon, Can't be Beat. Give
us a show.

W. H. CARMACK, Salesman

NOTICE OF SALE

To all persons whom it may
concern—You will hereby take
notice that on the 20th day of
October, 1910, the undersigned,
administrator of the estate of B.
M. Webb, will expose to sale, at
public outcry, all the personal
property, belonging to the estate
of B.M. Webb, deceased, which
has been appraised and is specifi-
cally mentioned and described
in the appraise bill on file in the
office of the Clerk of the Letcher
County Court and to which refer-
ence is hereby made for a more
specific description of said prop-
erty.

Purchasers will be required to
execute bond with approved sur-
ety for the amount of their pur-
chase, which bond shall bear in-
terest from date. And all prop-
erty will be sold in lots as men-
tioned in said appraised bill. The
sale will be made at the former
residence of the said B.M. Webb
on the North Fork of the Ken-
tucky river, beginning at ten
o'clock a. m. and continue from
time to time and from day to day
until completed.

Witness my hand as adminis-

trator of the estate of B.M. Webb
this 10th day of October, 1910.

John A. Craft,
Administrator of the estate of B.
M. Webb, deceased.

FOR SALE

The residence of H. C. Boggs,
and also real estate and personal
property. It is located within
50 yds of P.O. and the same dis-
tance from two stores. The res-
idence is a good 8-room 2-story
building and a good storehouse.
Fine water within 10 steps of
door. All property enclosed by
good wire fence. Excellent loca-
tion, sanitary situation, For
full particulars write,
H.C. Boggs, Eolia, Ky.

It is in time of sudden mishap
or accident that Chamberlain's
Liniment can be relied upon to
take the place of the family doc-
tor who cannot always be found
at the moment. Then it is that
Chamberlain's Liniment is never
found wanting. In cases of
sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises
Chamberlain's Liniment takes
out the soreness and drives away
the pain. Sold by all dealers.



Crossties Wanted!

—THE—
**Lexington & Eastern
Railway Co.**

wants to buy crossties delivered on its
right of way along North Fork River in
Letcher and Perry counties, Ky. A
crosstie agent will be placed in Whites-
burg, Ky., about October 1, 1910, from
whom information can be obtained. An
inspection will be made once each month
and payment made on or about the 15th
of the following month.

J. E. WILLOUGHBY,

Chief Engineer of Construction,

908 Broadway, LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR PURE
DRUGS
GO TO THE
New drug Store

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Fitzpatrick & Venters,
PROPRIETORS.

W. C. DIXON

WHITESBURG, KY.

Traveling Salesman for King
Bros. Shoe Co., Bristol, Tenn.

Solicits the trade of all merchants in his terri-
tory. Proposes to please in both goods and
prices. Save your orders till he comes.

The SKREEMER and WAYFARER SHOES
will tickle you and please your customers.

Lanier of the Cavalry

Or,
A Week's Arrest

By GENERAL CHARLES KING,
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter,"
"Foes in Ambush," Etc.

Copyright, 1909, by J. B. Lippincott Company

(CONTINUED.)

saying good night," she cordially spoke. "Miriam has been quite upset by a letter from home, and this little episode—this evening, which she cannot understand as we do, has estranged her from Mrs. Foster offered to send them over home in her sleigh. The side door had been barred, but Mr. Horton pried it open for them, so they had no need to come this way and face everybody—and explain."

"You know how sorry I am," said Mrs. Burton. "Of course they are excusable for leaving as they did. Why, where are the others going?"

The music had suddenly stopped. Some one among the women, with startled eyes and paling face, sprang up saying, "It's fire." Almost at the same instant the colonel and Scott reached the veranda without. A dozen officers were there, intent and listening. "I tell you I heard it plainly," said one of the number, "and the Foster sleigh isn't back."

"Hear what, sir?" demanded the colonel. "What's the trouble?"

"A cry for help, or something, over yonder."

There presently appeared round the corner of the building the sergeant of the guard, and with him a burly soldier, bleeding at the nose. One hand covered a damaged eye; with the other he saluted Captain Saddle.

"Sir, I have to report Trooper Rawdon assaulting a noncommissioned officer."

Major Scott gave tongue. "Trooper Rawdon!" cried he. "Why, he now has a month's furlough from General Crook. He's the best man of the escort."

"Refused to obey my orders to go to his quarters, sir, and assaulted me when I tried to enforce 'em. Sergeant Blunt says he won't confine him unless Captain Saddle orders it."

"One moment, sergeant," interposed Colonel Burton. "Has any disturbance—any cry for help—been heard at the guardhouse, or was this the explanation?"

"No, sir, hasn't called off half past eleven."

"No, sir," cried two or three men at the instant, and without a word Captain Saddle hurried away.

"No, sir," repeated the colonel. "That's just back of Sumter's quarters."

Afar across the glistening level a few lights glimmered faintly in the row of officers' quarters, but there was no sign of moving humanity. Only the hurrying form of Captain Sumter could be seen halfway across the parade. The Fosters' sleigh was nowhere in sight. Sumter's quarters were about the middle of the row. Lanier's were at the eastward end. All men stood waiting, watching. Then on a sudden two or three black forms darted from the shadow of the middle quarters. One came running out across the parade, hardly slackened speed at the hall of Captain Sumter, pointed back with one hand, shouted something that doubled Sumter's pace.

It was Conroy, corporal of the guard. "The adjutant orders me to report No. 5 sick, sir," he panted. "I found him all doubled up in the coal shed. They got the steward over from the hospital, but they want the sergeant and some of the guard to search the back buildings."

"Who wants them?" demanded the colonel.

"The adjutant, sir. Lieutenant Blake's with him. There has been some prowling, and the young ladies were frightened."

"One moment," interposed the colonel. "Sergeant of the guard, take four of your men and report to Captain Sumter or to the adjutant. Now, corporal, when was this cry heard?"

"Just after the young ladies got home, sir."

"Was the officer of the guard over there?"

"Not the new one, sir, but—The corporal suddenly stopped.

"But what?" demanded the colonel. "Do you mean that Lieutenant Lanier was there—out of his quarters?"

"Out of his head if he was," growled the paymaster, who loved him well and was deeply concerned over his trouble.

"I—I didn't see him, sir," answered the young soldier, but in manner so confused that it simply added to the commander's suspicion.

"Come with me, Horton," said the colonel to his quartermaster, and turned back for his cap and overcoat. Then once again the voice of the aggrieved and importunate sergeant was heard, this time with convincing appeal.

"I beg the colonel's pardon, but if he wants to get the truth as to this night's business it would be well to arrest Trooper Rawdon or he'll be off for good and all."

"Find him, then, sergeant of the guard, and have it done," said Burton.

CHAPTER II.

THAT ended the dance, but not the excitement. Not yet midnight, and in the space of less than one hour all Fort Cushing had been stirred by the news. A most popular and prominent young officer had been placed in close arrest. A prominent, if not most popular, sergeant had been pummeled. An alarming scene of some kind had oc-

curred at the quarters of Captain Sumter. Mrs. Sumter, had hurried away the minute she learned that her husband had gone. The colonel, sterner silent, led his wife to their door and there left her, saying he had summoned certain officers to join him at once, and she, who ruled him in all matters domestic almost as she managed the children, knew well that when roused he would brook no interference in matters professional, and Bob Lanier, a prime favorite of hers, had in some way managed to fall under the ban of his extreme displeasure.

At the office were presently assembled the colonel, the adjutant, the quartermaster, the post surgeon, and to them came Paymaster Scott. At the "store" were gathered half the commissioned officers. At Sumter's there were coming and going a succession of sympathetic callers, who left even more mystified than when they arrived. Miriam had had a fright in the dark on their return home and screamed. No! Sumter thought Mrs. Sumter would need no help, yet he was much obliged to the several who asked if they couldn't "do something."

Another house, was virtually closed to question. To the disappointment of many and the disapprobation of a few, Bob Lanier had closeted himself with his classmate and most intimate friend, "Dad" Ennis; then, after a brief colloquy with Barker, the adjutant had caused a big card to be tacked on his door whereon was crayoned in bold black letters "Busy." But at quarter past 12 the assistant surgeon, Dr. Schuchardt, called, as was known for the second time and entered without ceremony. When the officer of the day came tramping along the board walk at 12:30 and turned in at the gate he struck the panel with the hilt of his saber. Ennis came to the door, but came with gloomy brow.

"I am ordered by Colonel Burton to ask certain questions of Lieutenant Lanier," said the official.

"How's that, doc?" called Ennis over his massive shoulder. "Can your patient see the officer of the day?"

"Not yet, with my consent," came the stout answer.

"Shout your questions, captain," sang out the patient, with much too little humility of manner, yet Lanier knew Curbit well and knew his mission to be unwelcome.

"Is Trooper Rawdon in hiding anywhere about your quarters?"

"He is not, if I know it."

"Have you seen him to-night?"

An instant's pause then, "I don't know whether I have or not."

"You don't know?" exclaimed Curbit, puzzled and beginning to bristle.

"I don't know," repeated Lanier.

"Suppose the colonel tells me to explain," said Curbit, began Curbit, but Dr. Schuchardt set his foot down summarily.

"Here," said he, "this thing's got to stop. Lanier's in a highly nervous and excited state. He doesn't know whom he has seen since he got home in arrest."

"Well, the old man wants to see that young Rawdon forthwith, for many people believe he's skipped."

"You can track anything but a ghost in this new fallen snow."

Curbit lowered his voice. "That's exactly the trouble, doctor. Go to the back of the quarters and see for yourself. His trail starts and ends here."

In all its history Fort Cushing had never known such a day of bewilderment as that which followed. Guard mounting was held as usual at 8 a. m., and Colonel Burton, awaiting in his office the coming of the old and the new officers of the day, directed his adjutant to drop his own work at their entrance and give attention to what took place.

All eyes were on the two burly captains who entered at 8:30, fur capped, fur gloved, in huge overcoats and arctic. The wind had begun to whine and hiss.

"Blizzard coming," said Scott as he glanced at the sullen skies.

"I report as old officer of the day, sir," said Curbit, with brief salute, tendering the guard report book.

The colonel went straight to business. "No sign of Trooper Rawdon?"

"No, sir."

"His horse and kit all right?"

"All right, sir."

"Police notified to watch all trains—and stores?"

"Yes, sir."

There was impressive silence in the office.

Eight men had gone with Sergeant Stowell as escort to the paymaster when, nearly four weeks earlier, he had set forth on his trip. Then the little iron safe was full of money. Seven men had come back with him, when, as the safe was well nigh empty, the paymaster said he hardly needed an escort. Of the eight who started, four were "casualties" who belonged to companies stationed at Fort Payne, well up in the Indian country, and there they remained when the duty was over. Of the seven who came with Stowell, three belonged to Fort Payne, a corporal and two men of Captain Raymond's troop, and they came fortified with the orders of their post commander, a copy of which was now in Barker's hands.

"What I don't understand," said the colonel, whisking his chair to the right and addressing the paymaster, "is how or why those men should be down here."

"It seems simple," answered Scott placidly, he being entirely independent of the post commander. "From Fort Payne I had to go to the cantonments up along the Big Horn, and we doubled the size of the escort accordingly. When we got back there these three were permitted to come all the way, whether to buy Christmas things for the Fort Payne folk or for affairs of their own I don't know."

"To whom did you assign them for rations and quarters?" demanded the colonel of Barker.

"Captain Saddle, sir, C troop."

"Are they there—the others, at least?"

"Corporal Watts and Trooper Ames are there, sir. Trooper Rawdon, as you know, is not. He has not been seen about the quarters since some time last evening."

Again a pause. Then presently, "You arrested Kelly, I see, the man who was on No. 5."

"Yes, sir. Both Dr. Schuchardt and the steward said his sickness was

due to drink. I believe he was doped."

"That he could get whisky anywhere along back of the officers' quarters," said the colonel reflectively as well as reflecting, "is not improbable. That it should have been doped, judging from the way one or two have misbehaved, is not impossible. The usual orders for the present, captain," said he to the new incumbent. "And you are relieved, Captain Curbit," to the old. "But I shall need to see you later, so do not leave the post."

"The man that leaves the post this day," said Major Scott, with a squint through the upper and unnumbered panes of the nearest window, "may need a seven days' leave."

"And that, colonel," said a quiet voice at the commander's elbow, "is what I applied for earlier. Pardon me, sir, but I need to know your decision."

It was Captain Sumter who spoke, and the colonel flushed promptly at sound of his voice.

"I had intended sending for you, Sumter," said he, "but these rather engrossing matters had to be taken up first. I have your application," he continued. "It is an awkward time, and these are awkward circumstances. It will leave your troop without an officer."

"Mr. Lanier will be here, colonel."

"Here, but in close arrest," frowned the colonel. "And you haven't had a first lieutenant since I have been in command."

"My misfortune, sir, but hardly my fault," answered Captain Sumter tersely, yet respectfully. "General Sheridan selects his aids-de-camp where he will, and last month you thought it a compliment to the regiment and to my troop. Our guest, Miss Arnold, added Captain Sumter gravely. "My wife and I desire to accompany her to Chicago."

The colonel bit his lip and bowed. "I see," said he. "Miss Arnold was very much shaken by what happened after she got home?"

"Rather by what happened before she got home," was the calm yet suggestive reply.

"Captain Sumter," said he, flushing angrily, for no one of his officers held he in higher esteem. "Your attitude is that of opposition, if not of rebuke, to the official acts of the post commander."

"Then let me disclaim at once the faintest disrespect, Colonel Burton, but—as Mr. Lanier's troop commander and personal friend, I beg leave to say that, so far as I know, his offense is one which his comrades have often committed without rebuke."

"Which simply goes to show, sir," responded the colonel, with glittering eyes, "that you do not know the twentieth part of his offense."

"If that be true, Colonel Burton, of course I cannot think of going. I withdraw my application." And, turning slowly, he left the office.

Instead of carrying three enlisted men present as "casualties at post," the "return" of Troop C had but two. Trooper Rawdon, whose horse, horse, equipments and field kit were safely

stored in the troop stables since noon the previous day, was himself accounted for nowhere. In view of the fact that he had not been seen and could not be found there was nothing remarkable about that. With the morning report book, however, there was handed in a copy of an order duly submitted by Corporal Watts to Snaffle's first sergeant, and by him to his captain, which read in part as follows:

2. On arriving with his detachment at Fort Cushing and in compliance with the telegraphic instructions from department headquarters Trooper G. P. Rawdon, Troop L, 1st cavalry, is granted thirty days' furlough, at the expiration of which he will report to the commanding officer of Fort Cushing for transportation to his proper station.

Just as the paymaster predicted, the wintry storm broke with the early afternoon. A genuine blizzard came shrieking down from the mountain pass to the northwest. Veteran first sergeants told of a stout squad in each troop and sent them with a sack load of rations to reinforce the stable sergeant and groomers, there to stay to feed, groom and water the horses.

But the telegraph wires went with the first hour. The stage, of course, couldn't be helped to return from town, and, so far as getting news from the surrounding universe was concerned, Fort Cushing might as well have been in Nova Zembla. And the Sumters, three, with Miriam Arnold, had set forth at noon, intending to intercept the eastbound express, and the colonel's spirit was raging in sympathy with the storm and in spite of his wife, for some one had started a tale that Sumter and his household had ostentatiously called upon Robert Ray Lanier, in close arrest, in utter disfavor and infernal disgrace.

Now, while an officer in arrest may not quit his quarters under seven days and may not even thereafter visit his brother officers unless authorized, there is no regulation prohibiting other officers or their households visiting him. Nevertheless, they who publicly do so lay themselves liable to the imputation of sympathizing with the ac-

cused at the expense of the accuser.

And so resolved Colonel Burton, a brave soldier, a gentleman at heart, a kind if not a crochety commander, and a lenient man rather than a disciplinarian. A vain man was Burton, and dearly he loved the adulation of his comrades, high or low. Veteran Irish sergeants knew well how to reach the soft side of "the old man." Astute troop commanders, like Snaffle, saved themselves many a deserved wiggling by judicious use of blarney. Sterling, straightforward men, like Major Stannard, like Sumter, Raymond and so on, of his captains—men who could not fawn and would not flatter—were never Burton's intimates.

Burton believed it of Sumter that he and his on the way to the railway station went in and condoled with Bob Lanier and doubtless vituperated him, the commander, when in point of fact no one of their number had seen or spoken with Bob.

Then came the storm and then a Sunday and Monday in which no man went either way between the fort and town. And then a third in which the gale went down and the garrison dug its feet out.

It was barely 9 o'clock. Guard mounting, the first held since Saturday, was just over. The morning reports, the first rendered since Saturday, were just in, and the staff and company officers for the first time since Saturday were beginning to gather at headquarters and to compare notes. All had much to tell. Stannard's wood pile, Snaffle's storm shed and Barker's cow had blown away. Somebody had just reported Sumter's north dormer window "torn out by the roots," which moved Burton to say to Sumter, who had returned:

"I hope your quarters sustained no damage in your absence."

"I do not know, sir. I came direct to the office to report."

"Ah, true. Your household started before the storm."

"Only started, sir. They went no farther than the surgeon's quarters, where we learned the train was six hours late. I had—business—in town, and went on. They remained."

"Then the ladies have not gone east?"

"Neither they nor any one else since early Saturday morning. The road is blocked."

"The paymaster too? He went in right after luncheon?"

"I cannot say, sir."

The captain withdrew.

"Can I have a sergeant and twenty men at once, sir, armed and mounted?" cried Quartermaster Horton, hurrying in. "The ambulance with the paymaster never reached town."

"Order them out at once, Mr. Barker," was Burton's instant answer, turning to his adjutant, who went out like a shot. "What time did they start?"

"About 2, Saturday afternoon. It was blowing a gale then and the snow so thick we lost sight of them within a hundred yards. Major Scott declined an escort; said he and the clerk and the two men inside were more than equal. He had only \$3,000 left and thought that too little to tempt anybody."

The silence in the office was oppressive.

"How did you learn they hadn't reached town?" demanded Burton.

"Sergeant Fitzroy just came out. He'd been in there with Sergeant Stowell to help find Rawdon, he said. Major Scott had a section engaged in the Pullman for Omaha, and Fitzroy says he never claimed it—says he searched every stable for the ambulance, but there was no sign of it, and he says there was a gang of half a dozen toughs that had been hanging about town for a week, and they've cleared out. I'd like to go and get into riding rig, sir."

"Go, and I'll have a troop out after you if need be." Then, turning to his adjutant, "Barker, have Sergeant Fitzroy sent for at once."

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER moment and a trig, well groomed soldier, florid faced, muscular, yet burly in build, stepped briskly in and "stood attention." His right eye and cheek were still heavily bruised and discolored. His nose was somewhat swollen.

"How did you happen to be in town, sergeant?" was the abrupt demand.

Fitzroy colored to the brows, but the answer was prompt:

"I understood the colonel to say 'find him,' referring to Trooper Rawdon. Friday night, and I went in Saturday morning thinking to help. Then we couldn't get back, sir."

"My order was to the sergeant of the guard, not to you," interposed Burton curtly.

"Sergeant Stowell was looking for a man in uniform, sir, and had never seen Rawdon except in trooper dress and would never perhaps have known him."

"Then how should you?" was the sharp query.

Fitzroy started. "I—had known him longer, sir, and much better. I—had occasion to reprimand him once or twice and knew him and his—pals, if the colonel will pardon me—as none of the others knew him. There was that young civilian Lowndes that went along with us and got into trouble, and—there were others. In fact, if the colonel will pardon me again, sir, I do not hold a high opinion of Trooper Rawdon, and—"

"No more of that, sir," broke in the colonel angrily, "unless you are ready to prove your words."

"Give me two days and half a chance, Colonel Burton," was the confident answer, "and I'll show he had something to do with the paymaster's accident or whatever it was."

As Captain Sumter said, the ladies had gone no farther than the surgeon's quarters that memorable Saturday, and with Sumter's full consent they had not gone even that far. Friday afternoon he had wired his protest to the father of Miriam Arnold, and with startling emphasis the reply had come early Saturday morning. "I repeat that I desire my daughter to return at once." The tone was abrupt if telegrams can be said to have either tone or manner, but that wire settled the matter. Miriam said she must obey, and nothing short of Dr. Larrabee, senior surgeon of the post, had prevailed against her decision. He him-

self had not the covered vehicle at his gate and had insisted on their alighting. "Your train is half a day late," said he. "I'll be wiser waiting here than at the frowsy station. Besides, I wish to see this young woman again."

So saying he fairly lifted Miss Arnold from the fur robed depths of the dark interior and deposited her on the wind swept path. "Run in," said he, then similarly aided Mrs. and Miss Sumter.

Less than half an hour the trio spent under the doctor's hospitable roof. Before 2 o'clock the wind had increased to a gale. The snow was driving swift and hard. "I checked you just in time," said he. "There'll be no train either way this night." And so by 2 o'clock and just as the paymaster was driving away down the front of officers' row Mrs. and Miss Sumter, with Miss Arnold, escorted by the two medical officers, were struggling across the open space between the surgeon's houses and the rear fence of the long line and presently entering the back gate at Sumter's.

It was an odd arrangement, somewhat peculiar to frontier stations of the day. The inclosure of Fort Cushing was diamond shaped. The entrance gate was at the eastern apex. The hospital and surgeons' quarters stood on a line with this gate, their front perpendicular to the long axis of the diamond. The rear elevations, therefore, were not far from officers' row. From the front of Sumter's house, around by way of the main gate to the doctor's door—the first to the left (north) of the post trader's—was quite a walk. From back door to back door, however, it was less than 200 paces. "We are near neighbors," Dr. Larrabee had been saying, "though my wife thinks it a long walk on a windy day. I could reach you day or night almost in a minute."

"Is Mr. Lanier sitting up?" Mrs. Sumter inquired. "I thought Dr. Schuchardt was trying to keep him in bed."

"He won't stay," was the answer.

"Dr. Larrabee," finally said Mrs. Sumter, "Miriam says she believes it was all a mere delusion—a dream. She blames herself bitterly and—begs us to think no more of it—to forgive her, but—"

"But why should I attempt to conceal it? You know, and we have reason to know, she did see some one—there in her room who went out like a thief, through the window and away in spite of sentries. Captain Sumter had the snow swept off before reveille. What was the use of advertising it further? Mr. Barker and Mr. Blake saw it, too. They told it was some garrison sneak thief, looking for jewelry. Yet not so much as a ring, or a pin was touched—only her desk."

"Did she tell of that?"

"No; Kate was the first to see it. She flew upstairs when she heard the scream, found Miriam a senseless heap on the floor, the desk open on the little table by the window, the contents scattered, the window up and somebody bounding and slipping away in the moonlight. Then she heard the challenge and scuffle outside and thought the guard had him and gave her whole attention to Miriam until Mr. Barker shouted from the lower hall."

"And nothing is missing?"

"Nothing. But Captain Sumter wished to have it all kept quiet until he could confer with the detectives in town."

"Miss Kate has a level head," presently spoke Larrabee. "What does she say?"

"Doctor, that is what troubles me. Kate won't say anything. It's the first time she ever kept a secret from me." And now tears of genuine distress were welling in Mrs. Sumter's eyes.

It was half after 2, and the wind was shrieking through the open space back of the line when Dr. Larrabee, bending almost double, managed to fight his way home. A skin-burd occupant of the adjoining stall to his own, had not yet returned. At Sumter's gate the senior surgeon encountered the corporal of the guard, nearly blind and well nigh exhausted. He was searching for sentry No. 5.

"You will probably find Dr. Schuchardt at Lieutenant Lanier's quarters," shouted Larrabee at the corporal, with kindly intent. "Take No. 5 in there and get thawed out. Tell

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Harvester, Great Five-year-old, And Veteran Who Drives Him

Photo by American Press Association.

The Harvester, driven by Ed Geers and owned by August Uihlein of Milwaukee, recently trotted a mile in 2:02, and racing enthusiasts are wondering if he will go under the two minute mark before the season is over. No one but Geers has ever driven him in private or public, and he has never lost but one race.

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